

That I have done for you.

*Fio.* I know of none, nor know I you by voice, or any feature: I hate ingratitude more in a man, than honesty in an ass. Then lying, vaineſſe, babling drunkenneſſe, Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption Inhabites our fraile blood.

*Ant.* Oh heavens themſelves.

*2. Off.* Come ſir, I pray you go.

*Ant.* Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the jaws of death: (heere, Releu'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue; And to his image, which me thought did promiſe Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.

*2. Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

*Ant.* But oh, how wilde an idoll proues this God:

Thou haſt *Sebastian* done good feature, ſhame, In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde: None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous euill Are empty truncks, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuil.

*1. Off.* The man growes mad, away with him: Come, come ſir.

*Ant.* Leade me on.

*Fio.* Me thinks his words do from ſuch paſſion flye

That he beleeues himſelfe, ſo do not I:

Proue true imagination, oh proue true,

That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

*To.* Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Wee'l

whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

*Fio.* He nam'd *Sebastian*: My brother know

Yet liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo

In fauour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,

Tempeſts are kinde; and ſalt waues freſh in loue,

*To.* A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward

then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his friend

heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his coward-

ſhip aſke *Fabian*.

*Fab.* A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in

it.

*And.* Shd Ile after him againe, and beate him,

*To.* Doe, cuſſe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword

*And.* And I do not.

*Fab.* Come, let's ſee the euent.

*To.* I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.

### Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

*Enter Sebastian and Clowne.*

*Clo.* Will you make me beleeue, that I am not ſent for

you?

*Seb.* Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,

Let me be cleere of thee.

*Clo.* Well held our yaith: No, I do not know you,

nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come

ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Cefario*,

nor this is not my noſe neither: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

*Seb.* I prethee vent thy folly ſome where elſe; thou

know'ſt me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome

great man, and now applies it to a foole: Vent my fol-

ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy Aranges, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to her that thou art comming?

*Seb.* I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe payment.

*Clo.* By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good report, after foureteeene yeares purchaſe.

*Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.*

*And.* Now ſir, haue I met you again: there's for you.

*Seb.* Why there's for thee, and there, and there,

Are all the people mad?

*To.* Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.

*Clo.* This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be

in ſome of your coats for two pence.

*To.* Come on ſir, hold.

*And.* Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke

with him: Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if

there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet

it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*To.* Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my young

fouldier put vp your yron: you are well ſheſh'd: Come

on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou?

*To.* What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or

two of this malapert blood from you.

*Enter Olimia.*

*Ol.* Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold.

*To.* Madam.

*Ol.* Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,

Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,

Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight,

Benot offend'd, deere *Cefario*:

Rudeſbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,

Let thy ſayre wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway

In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent

Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,

And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe pranks

This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby

Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:

Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee,

He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

*Seb.* What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?

*Ol.* I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:

Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſleepe,

If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

*Ol.* Nay come I prethee, would thou'dſt be ſheſh'd by me

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Ol.* O ſay ſo, and be ſheſh'd.

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Martin and Clowne.*

*Mar.* Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, & this beard,

make him beleeue thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doeſt

quickly. He call ſir *Toby* the whatſt.

*Clo.* Well, he put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe

in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in

in ſuch a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſe-keeper goes as ſaſe, as to ſay, a carefull man, & a great ſcholler. The Competitors enter.

*Enter Toby.*

*To.* Ioue bleſſe thee *M. Parſon*.

*Clo.* *Bonus dies ſir Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that neuer ſay pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodach*, that that is, is: ſo I being *M. Parſon*, am *M. Parſon*; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

*To.* To him ſir *Topas*.

*Clo.* What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

*To.* The knaue counterfeits well: a good knaue.

*To.* The knaue counterfeits well: a good knaue.

*Mal.* Who calls there?

*Clo.* *Sir Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Malu-*

*lio* the Lunaticke.

*Mal.* *Sir Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my

Ladie.

*Clo.* Our hyperbolical ſhield, how vexed thou this

man? Talk'ſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

*Tob.* Well ſaid *M. Parſon*.

*Mal.* *Sir Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good

*ſir Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee

heere in hideous darkneſſe.

*Clo.* Eye, thou diſhoneſt ſathan: I call thee by the

moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones,

that will vſe the diuill himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou

that houſe is darke?

*Mal.* As hell ſir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Why it hath bay Windows tranſparent as bati-

cadoces, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are

as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complain'ſt thou of ob-

ſtruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is

darke.

*Clo.* Madman thou'ſt ſaid: I ſay there is no darkneſſe

but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the

Egyptians in their fogge.

*Mal.* I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, though

Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was ne-

uer man thus abuſ'd, I am no more madd'd than you are,

make the triall of it in any conſtant queſtion.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning

Wilde-fowls?

*Mal.* That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily

inhabite a bird.

*Clo.* What thinkſt thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way aproue

his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkneſſe,

thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow

of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke; leſt thou diſ-

poſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* *Sir Topas*, ſir *Topas*.

*Tob.* My moſt exquisite ſir *Topas*.

*Clo.* Nay I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou might'ſt haue done this without thy beard

and gowne, he fees thee not.

*To.* To him in thine owne voice, and bring me word

how thou findſt him: I would we were well ridde of this

knaury. If he may bee conveniently deliuer'd, I would

he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece,

that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this point the vpe-

shot. Come by and by to my Chamber.

*Clo.* Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

*Mal.* Foole.

*Clo.* My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

*Mal.* Foole.

*Clo.* Alas why is ſhe ſo?

*Mal.* Foole, I ſay.

*Clo.* She ſometimes another. Who calles, ha?

*Mal.* Good foole, as euer thou wilt deſerue well at

my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:

as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankfull to thee

for't.

*Clo.* *M. Maluolio*?

*Mal.* I good Foole.

*Clo.* Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

*Mal.* Foole, there was neuer man ſo notoriouslie a-

bus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be

no better in your wits then a foole.

*Mal.* They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in

darkneſſe, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and doe all they

can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you ſay: the Miniſter is heere.

*Maluolio, Maluolio*, thy wittes the heavens reſtore: en-

deauour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble

babble.

*Mal.* *Sir Topas*.

*Clo.* Maintaine no words with him good fellow.

Who I ſir, nor I ſir, God buy you good ſir *Topas*: Mar-

ry Amen. I will ſir, I will.

*Mal.* Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

*Clo.* Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent

for ſpeaking to you.

*Mal.* Good foole, helpe me to ſome light, and ſome

paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in

Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

*Mal.* By this hand I am: good foole, ſome inke, pa-

per, and light: and conuey what I will ſet downe to my

Lady: it ſhall aduantage thee more, then euer the bea-

ring of Letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not

mad indeede, or do you but counterfeir.

*Mal.* Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, heere beleeue a madman till I fee his brains

I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

*Mal.* Foole, he requite it in the height degree:

I prethee be gone.

*Clo.* I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,

Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice,

your neede to ſuſtaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,

cries alia, to the diuill:

Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,

Adieu good man diuill.

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Sebastian.*

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,

This pearle the gaue me, I do feel't, and lee't;

And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet